

VOLUME 2 . . . EARLY FALL ISSUE . . . NUMBER 10



THE MOST THRILLING
SHOW ON WHEELS
(See Story On Page 12)



"Lucky" Lott thrills spectators at a Hell Driver show by "broad-jumping" his Nash 160 ft.-plus.



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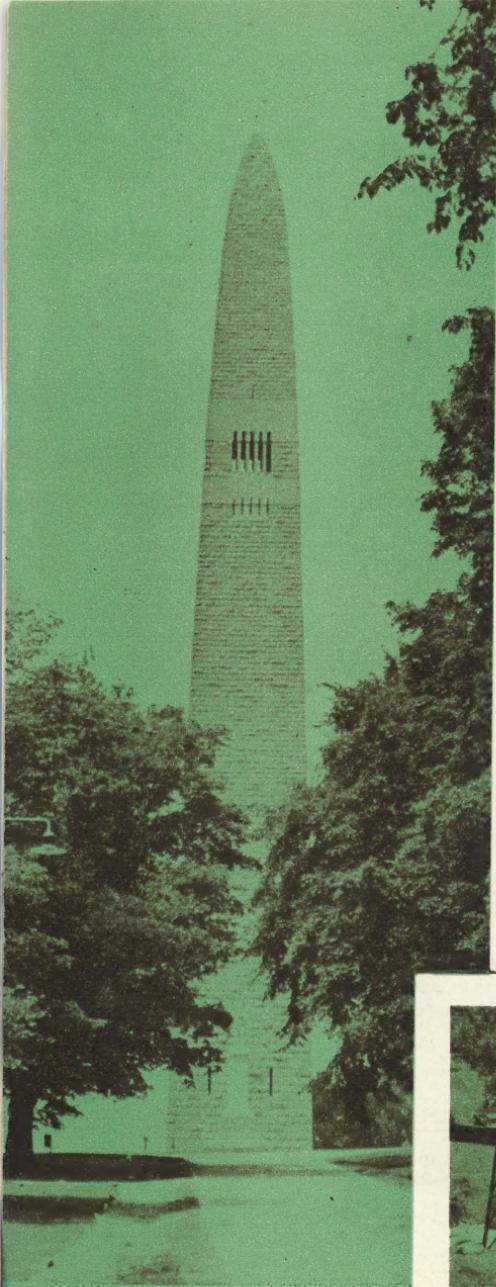
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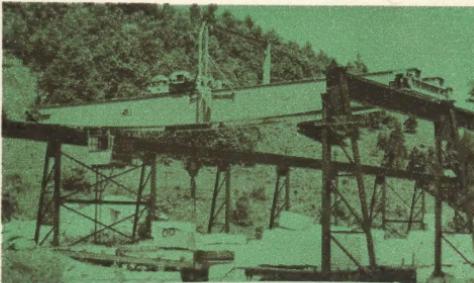


Bennington Battle Monument commemorates the battle of August 16, 1777

When the

VERMONT. What does that word conjure up? Maple syrup? Green Mountains? Marble quarries? It's famous for all three and a lot more besides. Heaps of city folks would rather spend their vacation there than anywhere else. A lot more wouldn't miss an annual tour of the state when Autumn hoists her red and gold banners on New England hills.

Besides the smooth highways that can take you swiftly by several scenic valley routes the length of the state, there are innumerable "shunpikes" (Vermontese for back roads) cross-hatching the beautiful countryside, curving round jewel lakes, scrambling over forested mountains and giving all who travel them the satisfying taste of back-woods Vermont. You really owe it to yourself to visit there and you'll never see it to better advantage than in the autumn. Then the air is like crystal and the hills are aflame.



The world's most extensive marble quarries are in Rutland County, Vermont. This is in the town of Danby

frost is on the Punkin



by D. M. FULLER

Middlebury is a pleasant place to make your headquarters on that introductory trip. It's a college town, site of the coeducational school that bears its name. Not far away is Breadloaf Mountain, on top of which is held its Summer School of English. The school is housed in an old rambling hotel and neighboring buildings. The famous Breadloaf Writers' Conference is held there.

Fanning out from Middlebury, interesting roads unreel to take you to many fascinating places. Via Breadloaf and Hancock, Stockbridge and Barnard (where Sinclair Lewis used to have a home on Silver Lake), you come to Woodstock, a charming village with picturesque colonial houses fronting on a green.

Next stop is Bridgewater to view the display of Vermont Native Industries. From here you can take the back road through Coolidge State Forest to Plymouth, birthplace of Calvin Coolidge and his burial place. You can see the house where he took the oath of office when he became president.

You'll enjoy a trip to Proctor, near Rutland, the world's greatest marble center. Go to the quarries and shops and see the methods of getting out great blocks, cutting and shaping them, polishing and carving. There's a permanent marble exhibit you shouldn't miss.

It is a lovely trip to Montpelier, the capital, and on to Barre, the world's greatest source of granite. Have a look at Norwich University in Northfield and follow Route 12 or 12A down to Bethel, then by Stockbridge and Rochester Gap to Brandon. You will have had a thrilling eyeful of mountain-valley scenery by the time you get back to Middlebury.

You might enjoy picnicking or even camping out in one of Vermont's inviting state forests or parks. The Publicity Service, Department of Conservation and Development at Montpelier, will gladly send you information on forests, parks, hotels, tourist homes and cabins. Here's wishing you a perfect Vermont tour "when the frost is on the punkin."

Burlington is the largest city in State of Vermont. Shown here is a view of the University of Vermont from Ira Allen Chapel loft



who's **Nash** who
AMONG
OWNERS



Mr. R. F. HARDY
Detroit, Michigan



Parlays Railroading into Work and Hobby

Russell F. Hardy is a man whose work and hobby is railroading. A passenger trainman on the Michigan Central's (New York Central System) Detroit-Chicago Mercury, he is also local representative of passenger trainmen of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

Fresh out of the Navy in 1910 after a four year stint (where he had been a seaman first class and canteen yeoman on the *U.S.S. Maryland*) Mr. Hardy was influenced by his brother-in-law to go into railroading. He started in the baggage room of the Third Street Station in Detroit and for 40 years he has been with the New York Central System.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy were married in June of 1914 and bought a home on Pacific Avenue, where their family was raised. Son Thomas, 34, is a patternmaker, and daughter Shirley, 36, is a housewife and the

mother of a boy, 10.

Mr. Hardy's many activities on various committees of the Park Lodge 555, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, make up his "hobby." He has served as Lodge secretary for 12 years. His present work is handling grievances, disputes of seniority, runs and set-ups, and other problems between trainmen and management.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy have a summer cottage at beautiful Higgins Lake, near Roscommon, Michigan, where they enjoy boating, fishing and hiking.

In 1949 they purchased a new 4-door blue Nash Ambassador from Port Huron (Michigan) Nash. They have since made two Florida vacation trips in this same car.

Mr. Hardy likes Nash's economy and also appreciates its easy riding. Mrs. Hardy, typically feminine, likes Nash's good looks.

Montana Ranchers Rely on Nash

Personifying a new way of life in the old west, Bob and Clint McFarland are Montana ranchers who long ago swapped their cowponies for automobiles. The two brothers have driven Nashes an aggregate of nearly 50 years.

Born in Granite City, Ill., the McFarlands came with their parents to Montana where the father homesteaded 320 acres of Lake Basin land near Molt. Since that time, Bob has expanded the original spread to some 1,600 acres.

In 1928, Clint began operating independently and his property today embraces approximately 4,000 acres.

Both brothers divide their interests between dryland wheat farming and cattle-raising. This year, Bob has around 650 acres and Clint more than 1,000 acres in grain.

Dry-land farming is different, too, from other agriculture in the West. Ranchers whose land is on the higher levels are the true gamblers. They take their chances on the larger, non-irrigated spreads, depending on water from winter snowfalls and occasional summer showers. Virtually all of them em-

ploy strip-farming methods to conserve on soil fertility and moisture.

On Clint's ranch there are more than 100 head of registered Herefords bearing the BT Walking Y brand. Bob's polled Herefords carry the Quarter Circle Walking YK stamp which the home ranch has held for many years.

Both are agreed Nash is the best car for their purposes.

"We often have to drive off the roads to different parts of our ranches," Bob said, "and this car can really take it. But best of all, it gets mighty cold out here in the winter time and I've never had a minute's trouble getting my Nash started."

"I've found that a Nash can buck bad roads, whether it's snow or mud," Clint added, "and on the least amount of gas."

Both drive Ambassadors purchased from the Motor Mart in Billings.

Each has owned five Nashes. Bob got his first in 1927 with Clint joining him in 1929. That's a total of 46 years of happy Nash motor-ing for the McFarland brothers.

who's
Nash
OWNERS



McFARLAND BROTHERS

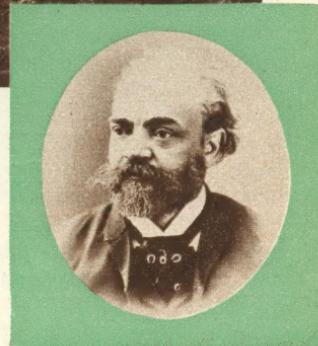
Molt, Montana





The Turkey river, winding its way along the southern edge of Spillville, Iowa, inspired some of Antonin Dvorak's best compositions

Antonin Dvorak, famed Czech composer, was in Spillville in 1893. This picture was taken at that time. He composed "Humoresque" and "New World Symphony" while in the tiny village



DVORAK'S Spillville

AMERICA'S
RURAL
BOHEMIA

by VERA and HENRY BRADSHAW

As neat, pretty and intriguing as a toy town, complete with its square, church and little white houses, is the Bohemian village of Spillville, Iowa. Located in the northeast corner of the state, it snuggles down among the rolling hills, seven miles off U.S. Highway 52.

Its serenity and quaint charm have cast a spell on many people, including Antonin Dvorak, the composer, who, in 1893, found refuge here from New York's hustle and bustle. The world has Spillville to thank for giving Dvorak inspiration for some of his greatest works.

The theme for the ever-popular "Humoresque" was sketched here; the "New World Symphony" with its famous "Goin' Home" largo felt the influence of the little town. To Dvorak this countryside re-

sembled his beloved Czechoslovakia and he heard, as one can today, the soft, melodic Czech language being spoken all about him.

The two-story house in which Dvorak and his family spent the summer is in good repair and is the setting for a most remarkable collection of hand-carved clocks. There are 25 or more: all sizes and shapes, some over eight feet tall, some hanging from walls, some on pedestals. Each has a theme, is animated, and equipped with imported chimes. If all of them should ever be allowed to strike on the hour bedlam would break loose.

Cuckoos would compete with the bird of Paradise on the Adam and Eve clock; George Washington would appear crossing the Delaware; the Indian brave on the Lookout clock would raise his hand to his brow to see if the enemy were in sight; the blacksmith would pound his anvil in the Village Blacksmith clock; the little Brown Church would be the scene of a wedding as a bridal couple with attendants would march to the door and disappear down the aisle;

(continued on page 10)



This is the house in which the Dvoraks lived and their children romped and played during their stay in Spillville. The building now houses the remarkable hand-carved clocks of the Bily brothers



Below are shown some of the animated Bily clocks. Left to right, the larger clocks depict: "The Lookout," Adam and Eve's "Paradise," Apostles' Parade Clock, "Pioneer History" and "Evolution of Time." All are animated





Frank and Joseph Bily, self-educated Bohemian farmers who speak very little English, are the creators of the famous clocks. They design and make their intricate clocks during the long winter evenings. They have never sold a clock they have made since starting hobby

(continued from page 9)

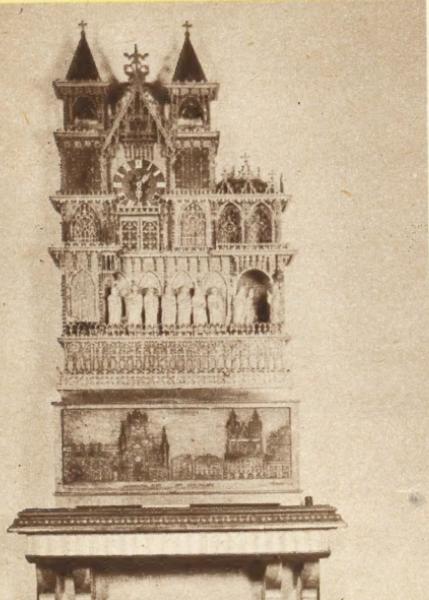
and down in the Statuary clock a diminutive symphony would play.

"Who did it?" is the first question amazed tourists ask. It is the work of the Bily Brothers, two elderly Czech farmers, with eighth grade educations, neither having been more than 100 miles from Spillville! For profit? No—for the pure joy of creating.

The favorite clock of visitors is the Parade of the Apostles, exquisitely and intricately carved. On the hour, the apostles in colored garb march, as tiny bells tinkle.

These are not the only clocks which peal the hour in Spillville. Morning, noon and evening, the angelus rings from the church on the hill. It is St. Wenceslaus, a yellow limestone structure with peaked red turrets, patterned after St. Barbar cathedral at Kutna Kora, Kuttenburg, Bohemia.

Spillville is proud of its old-world charm, its unique attractions and scenic beauties, and welcomes the tourist to come and see them.



At left is The Apostles' Clock, one of the first carved by the Bily brothers. Authentic in design, the base shows the Town Hall in Prague. On the hour, the apostles parade from behind a panel. Each of the clock's four sides has an exquisite and intricate carving



At left is the Roman Renaissance Clock patterned after the capitol style architecture originated in Italy. The Biliys use no special tools in their work, but utilize such items as nail files and hatpins



The Village Blacksmith Clock is shown at right. The smithy actually pounds the anvil. The customer is a choice piece of carving with a hat that is removable. Minute tools in the background are carved to scale



Tourists are fascinated by the animation of the clocks and the uncanny way the mechanical figures perform. A museum containing personal belongings of Dvorak and Spillville pioneers is located on second floor



LUCKY LOTT HELL DRIVERS USE NASH CARS TO STAGE

The Most Thrilling Show

by ROBERT NESBITT, *Sports Editor, Terre Haute Tribune*

Hurtling a Nash more than 160 feet through space, roaring into a barrel roll, precision driving wheel to wheel, coming unscathed through unimaginably rugged auto-batic driving—that's the Lucky Lott Hell Drivers' Show.

Spectators wonder what sort of man is Lott—who so blithely risks life and limb. That is, they wonder *after* the show—because Lott's program is so jam-packed with thrills the spectators are kept in a continual state of suspense. They have little time to be other than bug-eyed during the nerve-shattering program.

They say that champions are born and not made. That could be true of Lucky Lott, who confesses a mania for speed and thrills almost from the day he learned to walk. Now 36 and rated the na-

tion's top stunt showman, Lucky concedes that he's had his share of narrow escapes in 15 years of smashing automobiles and performing his alarming, death-defying stunts before millions of fans.

Perhaps it should be explained right now that "Lucky Lott" is two people—Lucky Lee Lott and Lucky Neil Lott. Each operates under the name of Lucky Lott Hell Drivers and they winter together in their home city of Pekin, Ill., located a few miles south of Peoria on the Illinois River. Neil performs largely in Canada, but books some dates in this country. Lee tours the rest of the land, doing most of his engagements in Mid-western and Southern cities when he is not tied up with motion picture assignments. Both use Nash cars exclusively in their acts.

Lee was 20 and Neil 14 when an incident at an air daredevil show in Peoria launched them on their careers. One of the scheduled stunts in the show was a car roll-over, but the driver couldn't get the car to roll. A bunch of kids, including the Lott boys, began to heckle the stuntman. Finally the irate driver shouted, "If you kids are so smart, why don't you come out and try it?"

Neil Lott, only 14, but large for his age, surprised the driver with,

on Wheels

"Okay, I will. Just give me the chance." The car had no safety belt, so Lee picked up a piece of baling wire and fastened Neil be-

hind the wheel in makeshift fashion. Neil zoomed down the field and successfully barrel-rolled the car on his very first attempt.

Then and there Lucky Lott's Hell Drivers were born! Neil's stunt was the talk of the town. Reveling in their quick rise to local fame, the boys began to plan a daredevil show. Their dad had been killed when Lee was 12 so it was only natural for mom to try to discourage them from entering such a dangerous business. But the boys would have nothing else and soon began to gather equipment.

Their first show was staged in Kewanee, Ill., on July 4, 1935. They rented a farm pasture, distributed 500 handbills around the neighborhood and were ready to go. They borrowed much of their equipment, including gasoline, and faced a heavy debt if the show flopped. But it didn't flop. Specta-

(continued on page 14)



"Lucky" Lee (left) and Neil Lott stand by Nash to emerge from perilous stunts



Lott's fearless auto-batic driving ranks him as nation's top stunt showman

(continued from page 13)

tors fairly mobbed the field. That night, after paying off all the bills, they counted the profits—\$900.

A couple of happy Lott kids were launched on a hazardous, but financially successful, career.

The fact that his show has suffered only one fatality supports Lee Lott's argument that the life of a daredevil is not necessarily more hazardous than other occupations. A stunt man, Don Nation, was killed at the Indiana State Fair in 1947 while riding a motorcycle in a head-on collision with an automobile. "Don must have

blacked out just before the crash," says Lee Lott of the tragedy, "he was supposed to leap seconds before the collision, but stayed with the cycle."

Years of experience have given Lucky Lott a keen knowledge of the precautions that he and his men must take. The steady reduction in their accident insurance premiums is evidence that he has succeeded.

A major worry for the Hell Drivers is the spectators, who often attempt to crowd too close to the scene of action. However, Lott never has injured a fan in 15 years.

Nash Rambler takes the broadjump during Hell Drivers show



and is highly proud of this remarkable record.

One of the questions most frequently asked by spectators is "Why does the Lucky Lott show use Nash cars?" He answers it this way: "After trying many makes of cars over the years, we decided it would be necessary to have a car built to our own specifications in order to get the greatest possible strength of construction.

"We approached Nash with this in mind and explained our problem. Nash engineers told us they were already building a car that would take the punishment of our Hell Driving Show and introduced us to Airflyte Construction. They showed us how the frame, body and outside steel covering is welded into one strong solid unit.

"Our tests and subsequent experience proved that Nash engineers were right. Airflyte construction gives the rigidity and safety that we need in our cars. Even after an entire season of rolling, crashing and being subjected to every conceivable type of punish-

ment, our Nash cars are in surprisingly good shape . . . tight as a drum and ready for additional thousands of miles of service.

" . . . What is more, we have cut our gasoline bill by more than 40% since we changed to Nash exclusively in our show. Our maintenance costs are 50% lower than in previous years when we used other makes of cars."

Lott, strangely enough, has no race drivers on his staff and doesn't want them. Stunt work requires precision timing that is acquired only through hours of practice. As a rule, race pilots are not the type. Speaking of types, consider the daredevil man himself, Lucky Lott. Mild mannered and a polished conversationalist, he could pass for a college professor. It's hard to believe that he's wrecked several thousand cars and hopes to keep right on smashing them.

For Lee and Neil Lott, it's not only a way to make a living, but the way they like to live. Don't miss seeing Lucky Lott's Hell Drivers. Your spine will tingle, mine did!

One of the Lott Hell Drivers careens a Nash Statesman off a 42" ramp



GET A
FRONT ROW SEAT
TO

"Hunting in Alaska"

Experts say it is one of the most unforgettable sports films ever made; it is the method Nash Motors and Nash Dealers have chosen to express their "thank you" to America's sportsmen . . .





WOULD you like a front row seat to some of the finest big game hunting in all the world? More than a million sportsmen have seen the full-color motion picture, "Hunting In Alaska"—and have thrilled to its breathtaking action and scenic beauty.

But there's more to the story.

For the past several years, Nash Motors has produced outstanding exhibits at the nation's big "Sportsmen Shows." These displays have met with an enthusiastic response from sportsmen who have taken Nash to their hearts, making it a standout favorite among the men who love to hunt and fish.

So Nash decided to make a really outstanding motion picture for the sportsman. It is not an "advertising movie" in any sense of the word. It is a beautiful, thrilling picture of big game hunting. In it, one sees crack marksmen bring giant caribou hurtling to earth . . . watches expert moose callers lure giant moose within rifle range . . . and views Kodiak bear in their native habitat.

Nash Owners will be pleased to know that they may make arrangements to secure this picture for showing to their clubs or organizations. It is ideally suited for Sportsmen's Clubs, Izaak Walton Leagues, Veterans' and Fraternal Organizations, Boy Scouts and similar groups. It may be obtained for showing free of charge and without obligation. It requires a 16mm sound projector—and runs 35 minutes.

If you are interested in securing this film, contact your Nash Dealer. He will initiate action to obtain the film for your showing.



WILLCOX'S of Aiken, S.C.



Between the tall and stately pillars guarding the entrance of Willcox's in Aiken, S.C. have passed many of the most famous people in the world—and certainly the "horsiest." Astors, Guests and Belmonts; Firestones, Harrimans and Whitneys have lunched, dined and sometimes slept in this sprawling, comfortable, old-fashioned but distinguished inn. Winston Churchill dropped in at about the same time as Richard Harding Davis and President Taft.

Today, as in the early years of the century, Willcox's is a gathering place for cosmopolites who like simple, hearty food, and an atmosphere rich in tradition.

It is located in the center of Aiken, just off famous Whisky Road and is open from November to May. In March and April, when the foliage and gardens are at their peak of beauty, reservations for meals and/or rooms are practically mandatory. Aiken is then the fashionable mecca for tourists and the part-time residents whose magnificent estates are opened for the "season." Polo, Derby trial races and golf (including the Masters' Tournament in nearby Augusta) attract throngs of visitors.

At Willcox's lunch and dinner have been and continue to be

table d'hôte. "We can serve better meals faster that way," Albert S. Willcox, owner-manager and son of the founder, says. "And we can get them to the diner *hot*." Nor do the guests complain at a lack of choice when a fragrant bowl of mulligatawny or pepper pot soup is placed before them, perhaps followed by a thick broiled sirloin or roast baby lamb and hashed-in-cream potatoes. Delicate Swedish pancakes are a specialty of the house, the recipe handed down to the chefs from Albert's Swedish-born mother.

When asked for a recipe for readers of Nash Airflyte Magazine, Mr. Willcox gave the following:

MULLIGATAWNY SOUP 5 cups veal and beef stock

onions	{	quarter cup
carrots		each finely diced.
green pepper		
½ green pepper	{	both diced fine.
1 crisp apple		
½ cup butter	1/3 cup flour	
1 teaspoon curry powder		2 cloves
½ teaspoon chili powder, sprig parsley		
salt and pepper to taste		
1 cup finely diced cooked ham		

Cook onions, carrots, pepper in butter until brown. Add flour, ham and remaining condiments and simmer one hour. Strain, add diced celery and apple, bring quickly to a boil, remove and serve.

SHOULD THERE BE A MINIMUM SPEED LAW?

by LEN BARNES, Associate Editor, Auto Club of Michigan's Motor News

Join the Nash Owners Forum

Here's your chance to air your personal views about some vexing traffic problem—and, also, have a chance to win \$50 while getting it off your chest!

In the old days, when a problem bothered people, they argued it out at the town hall or around the cracker barrel at the general store. Since this isn't possible today, Nash Airflyte Magazine is starting a Nash Owners' Forum so that you and other readers will have a chance to expound your own views.

We're starting the forum with the debatable question "Should there be a MINIMUM speed law?" Obviously, there are two sides to this question—"yes" and "no." For the best letter received on EACH SIDE of this question, this magazine will pay \$50 and publish the winning letters in a future issue. Before you choose your side, be sure to read the rules of the contest at the bottom of page 21. The following article by Len Barnes, Forum Moderator, will give you some basic issues—no matter whether you pick the "pro" or "con" side of the debate. Good luck!—THE EDITORS.

Back in the linen duster and goggle days of motoring, drivers bragged about how fast their cars would go, even as today.

Anyone who could prove he'd attained a 50-mile-an-hour speed was in a select class. Small wonder that nobody thought then of a minimum speed law! Everyone who owned an automobile was too busy keeping it going to worry about the other fellow.

But things have changed. Today many motorists are demanding that all states set minimum speed laws. Some motorists—almost all those under 40 years old—want the slow-pokes even ruled off the highways. Many Auto Club of Michigan members write each year asking the Club to support such a law.

After all, Nash and other modern cars can comfortably sashay down the road at a 60-mile-per-hour clip for hours at a time today—except when they are behind a dawdler. That's the fast drivers' reasoning.

But other motorists want the good old days returned, with a 40-mile-per-hour maximum speed anywhere in the United States, "to prevent accidents." Most of these

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1902 RAMBLER



(continued from page 19)

drivers are in the over-40 category. And they write, too.

Who is correct? We'll let Nash Airflyte readers decide. About 60 percent of our states have some type of minimum speed laws, American Automobile Association studies show. The model National Uniform Vehicle Code (recommended by safety authorities) says in Section 59:

"No person shall drive a motor vehicle at such a slow speed as to impede or block the normal and reasonable movement of traffic except when reduced speed is necessary for safe operation or in compliance with law. Police officers are hereby authorized to enforce this provision by directions to drivers, and in event of apparent willful disobedience to this provision, and refusal to comply with

direction of an officer . . . continued slow operation by driver shall be a misdemeanor."

But this code is purely advisory, Auto Club of Michigan Safety Director Ernest P. Davis points out. The code is not in effect nationally. He believes that good arguments can be mustered on both sides of the question. During discussion sessions of the Detroit Safety and Traffic committee meetings, he reports the following reasoning:

Traffic is increasing rapidly. We're spending billions on super-dooper roads. Why ruin all this potential gain in traffic flow by letting some slowpoke gum up everything?

"Speed causes most accidents, and we don't want to pass a law forcing someone to speed," another expert counters. A third observes that most rear end collisions occur at night, and most of them are caused by someone going too slow.

Other points to consider are: What speed minimum would you set up? Speeds vary by terrain. In the populous East people drive much more slowly than on lonely western plains. And how about various conditions of weather? In winter it might not be safe to drive as rapidly as the law required, particularly when roads are icy.

There are plenty of arguments on both sides. To guide readers who'll be writing on the subject, we set down some pros and cons:

FOR

1. On two-lane highways in rural areas, cars pile up behind the sightseeing slowpoke.
2. In night driving a motorist often is right on the tail of a slow-moving driver ahead before he can see him or judge how speeds of the



two cars compare. There are lots of rear-end collisions at night.

3. Ever get behind a slow-moving truck or a 1923 museum-model automobile?

4. Traffic volumes have been increasing at an average of 5 to 7 percent a year nationally. In many places now there is hardly room for all the cars on the road. Weeding out the slowpokes will use available road space more efficiently.

5. We're spending billions of dollars on expressways to insure faster traffic flow in city and country. Why let one daydreaming driver hold up a thousand who want to hustle?

6. Some states are not progressive in adopting traffic laws. If we wait until each state passes minimum speed laws, autos themselves will be obsolete by the time this happens.

AGAINST

1. No minimum speed law is needed on a four-lane highway in rural areas. Most roads being built today are that size or larger. And fast drivers can always pass in the left lane.

2. Speed kills. Why encourage everyone to go fast? A few slow drivers hold down the pace. They



prevent many accidents and deaths by their careful driving examples.

3. A minimum speed would be unfair to many fine older cars that are in relatively good condition, driven by careful drivers, and would benefit the amateur "Oldfields."

4. It's still a free country, and if a motorist wants to look at the scenery he has a right to go slow. He may have driven a thousand miles to see a particular sight.

5. Highway directions are so puzzling on the "superhighways" that one must go slow to follow them.

6. Many roads even in rural areas are so dangerous that speed limit is now below 40 miles an hour.

RULES OF NASH OWNERS' FORUM CONTEST

Your letter may win \$50! Write on one side of question only. Take either the "yes" or "no" side. Two \$50 prizes will be awarded to the writers of the two best letters, (one "yes" and one "no" letter) to the question: "Should There Be a Minimum Speed Law?" Letters should not exceed 200 words and should be written neatly with pen and ink or typewritten. No letters postmarked after October 19 will be considered. All entries become the property of Nash Airflyte Magazine and none will be returned. Address your entry: "Nash Owners" Forum Editor, 431 Howard Street, Detroit 31, Michigan.

Helpful Hints

FROM NASH OWNERS

S We invite your contributions to this page. If you have a favorite way of performing some ordinary household task, or have discovered a short-cut in the performance of some chore, send it along; it may be worth money. *Nash Airflyte Magazine* will pay five dollars for each contribution published. Address all contributions to *Nash Airflyte Magazine*, 431 Howard Street, Detroit 31, Michigan.

When defrosting the refrigerator between regular cleanings, place several thicknesses of newspaper under the freezing compartment to catch the moisture. Defrosting will

be quicker if the trays are filled with hot water.

*Mrs. Herbert Peak
Harrisburg, Ill.*

A small greased funnel inserted in the top crust of a meat or chicken pie will permit the steam to escape while baking.

*Helen L. Moore
Malden, Massachusetts*

Wrap a strip of adhesive tape around chrome faucets to prevent scratching when it is necessary to use a wrench on them.

*William Indresano
Revere, Massachusetts*

When hot applications are needed in the sickroom, dip the cloth in boiling water and press the moisture out by placing it in a potato ricer. This squeezes the cloth almost dry without burning the hands.

*Mrs. Don Sutton
Quinton, Alabama*



Distinctive and Practical!

The New Nash

VENTSHADE

Ventshade adds a note of beauty to your Airflyte... allows slightly-opened windows when raining . . . reduces sun glare hazards. Installed in a matter of minutes on both 2- and 4-door Airflyte models.



A discarded nylon or silk stocking makes an excellent paint strainer. Cut the foot part off and tie a knot in the remainder. It can then be stretched over a gallon can and the paint poured through.

*Edward A. Check
Long Beach, Calif.*

To keep out mice and rats, stuff holes with ordinary steel wool.

*Mrs. W. L. Fahrson
Indianapolis, Indiana*

To bake potatoes in half the usual time, scrub them and place them in a pan of hot water. Bring to boiling point on the top of the range then pop them into the oven.

*Mrs. David Backstrom
Cushing, Minnesota*

When watering hanging plants slip an oiled silk or plastic dish cover over the bottom of the flower pot to prevent the water from dripping on the floor.

*Mrs. M. B. Platt
Denver, Colorado*



To keep pigskin gloves soft and pliable add one teaspoon of olive oil to two quarts of warm soap suds. Wash gloves well and then rinse them in warm water to which olive oil has been added.

*Henrietta Abbott
Middletown, Ohio*

The corner of an ordinary envelope, with a tiny point snipped off, makes a good pastry bag for decorating fancy cakes and cookies.

*Mrs. Harold M. Walker
Knoxville, Tennessee*

***Dress Up Your Nash Airflyte with the
NEW EXHAUST EXTENSION***



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"Buy-Low" Lullaby

Diaper Co. sign in Springfield, Ill.
"We are tops for bottoms."

*Mrs. Claude E. Armstrong
Jacksonville, Illinois*



No Wonder Drug Needed

"Courtesy Is Contagious;
Let's Start An Epidemic!"

The sign above was spotted outside of Kane, Pennsylvania, on U.S. 6 by W. S. Rose, West Monterey, Pennsylvania.

Tonsorial Touch-up

While we as civilians had a good chuckle about the sign we saw in a San Rafael barber shop window, I don't know whether our army boys would see it in the same light. The sign said "We repair G. I. haircuts."

*Ruth M. Jones
San Rafael, California*

Terse Texans

Returning from the West on our vacation, we had a chuckle at the following sign on a Texas drive-in restaurant: "You toot—we tote."

*Nancy Jane Hershey
Marion, Ohio*

Diogenes, Please Note!

This sign (shown below) in front of a neat Bar-B-Q cafe which was closed in Fontana, California, must be tops in something!

*Mike McConnell
Pico, California*



Age of Speed

When down in Denver, I was amused and somewhat startled to see this sign in a shop window: "Antiques made here while you wait."

Joan Chumick

Grand Forks, North Dakota

May I Have the Next Dance?

We laughed at this sign in a dancing studio: "We guarantee not only to keep you from being a wall-flower, but we remove the pot."

*Frances Holman
Ridgewood, New Jersey*

"Nash-Urally"

Over the front door of our home hangs our sign, "ARNDT HOME"—and since the arrival of our new Nash, the Arndt's aren't home most of the time!

*Stanley L. Arndt
So. Glens Falls, New York*

Labor Trouble?

The sign sketched below and seen in Michigan is quite timely for the hunting season as well as humorous. It reads: "Attention Hunters! Please don't shoot anything on my place that isn't moving. It may be my hired man!"

*Robert Hertz
Grimes, Iowa*

**This is Gov't Property
DO NOT REMOVE**

Atlas Must Be Around

While I was a visitor at The Shasta Dam, I saw the following sign: "This is Government Property. Do not Remove!" The dam weighs a mere 12,000,000 pounds.

*Mrs. P. E. Batchelder
Portland, Maine*

MacArthur Paraphrased

Recently while driving through Oakland, California, I saw a neon sign in front of a used car lot reading: "Old Salesmen Never Die, They Just Trade Away."

*Orrin Taylor
San Francisco, Calif.*

Stand in Line, Please!

In the window of an appliance store this sign advertised electric sweepers: "Don't let housework kill your wife, let _____ do the dirty work."

*Frances Stillwell
Garden City, Kansas*

ATTENTION HUNTERS

Please don't shoot anything on
my place that isn't moving...
It may be my hired man!

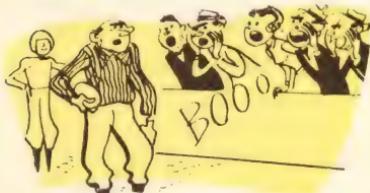
On the Funny Side of Sports

by FRED RUSSELL, Sports Editor, *The Nashville Banner*



(Editor's Note: This time of the year finds nearly all of us trying to get our last full measure of enjoyment from late summer sports. And we avidly read the sports pages for news about the World Series . . . or how our Alma Mater is faring on the gridiron.

*The Editors thought you'd like your Nash Airflyte Magazine to give you a different slant on sports in this issue—so we asked Fred Russell to spin some yarns on the humorous side of sports. Probably most of you have read his many sports articles which have appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*—or have chuckled through his books, including "I'll Go Quietly" and "The Funny Side of Sports."*



In one of the first football games of the college season, a certain referee was booed roundly by the crowd of 20,000. His wife was in the stands at the time. When he met her for dinner after the game, he asked her what she did when all those people were standing and booing him.

"I did just like the rest; I stood and booed too," she said. "It would have made me conspicuous not to."

AROUND the New York race tracks there was an industrious little tout who by dint of strict attention to his touting had laid up enough money to buy himself and his wife a small cottage in the suburbs. But there came an afternoon at the track when the tout bagged himself a real good customer and steered him onto a long shot that came home at something like 90 to 1 odds. The tout had \$10 going on the race for himself. But, in the midst of the excitement, his heart stopped and he toppled over dead.

A group of friends and co-workers gathered about to decide upon whom should fall the sad duty of notifying his wife. Finally the task was given to a small-time bookie, and after the race he headed for the deceased friend's little cottage.

Arriving on the front porch, he rang the bell. When a lady answered, he politely doffed his hat and inquired: "Does the widow Turner live here?"

"My name is Turner," said the lady, "but I'm no widow."

"Ahem," the bookie cleared his throat, thinking sharply, "five will get you fifty, madam."

UNIVERSITY of Mississippi was playing Boston College in football and the Rebels started out like they were fighting the Civil War all over again. After listening for

some time to remarks about Dam- yankees, the BC captain called time out, strolled over to the hecklers and remarked: "You guys might as well lay off that stuff. I'm the only man on our team who ever took history."



FRESCO THOMPSON, general manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, takes in many high school and amateur baseball games hoping to discover a future major league star. He often makes his presence known and sits near the players' bench.

Recently, during such a visit, one young hopeful finished his turn in batting practice and proceeded directly to Thompson for a bit of advice. "Sir, I seem to be swinging under the ball just a little bit," he said. "Could you suggest anything to help me?"

"How far under the ball do you seem to be swinging?" Fresco asked, quite interested.



PAUL RICHARDS, amazingly successful new manager of the Chicago White Sox, regards an incident happening when he managed Atlanta in the Southern Association as the height of considerate though tart umpire-player exchange.

Veteran umpire Steamboat Johnson, working behind the plate, called infielder Roy Hartsfield (now with the Boston Braves) out on a strike which Hartsfield considered to be low and outside. He protested.

"Son," said Steamboat, fatherly, "you learn to hit that pitch and you'll go to the major leagues."

Reflecting a moment, Roy replied: "You learn to call that pitch, and we'll both go to the majors."

"Oh, no more than a fraction of an inch, I suppose."

"Get yourself some inner soles," Thompson whispered.

AGOLFER was keeping an eagle eye on his opponent in the rough and when he returned to the fairway, asked of him: "What do you lie, three?"

"No, just two," he answered. "That was a practice swing I took over there."



"Okey," said the other gentleman. "But you're the first person I ever heard curse after a practice swing."

Asked to explain his pitching effectiveness in his mid-thirties, be-spectacled Dizzy Trout of Detroit said: "Nobody likes to hit a man that wears glasses."

ONE of University of Tennessee's most rugged football players in the 1938-1940 period was Bob Suffridge, All-American guard. An outspoken fellow, too. During one of the hard-fought games with rival Alabama, Suffridge became quite irked when two successive holding penalties were called on Tennessee.

As the referee stepped off the 15 yards penalty, Suffridge paraded right behind him, and when the referee placed the ball on the ground, Bob exclaimed: "You stink!"

Without a word, the official picked up the ball, stepping off 15 more yards as Suffridge stood and stared. Placing the ball upon the ground this time, the referee said: "Son, how do I smell from here?"



THE LATE Jack Sheridan was one of the most colorful of the old-time umpires. One day he was directing a game in a city where he was extremely unpopular, and a lady in the box seats back of home plate was "on" him from the start with scathing comment. Finally, as the game reached its climax in a series of unfavorable verdicts by the unruffled arbiter, she shrieked: "If I were your wife, I'd give you poison!"



Thereupon, Sheridan turned around slowly, faced the grandstand, removed his cap and mask and in clear tones replied, "If I were your husband, madam, I would take it."

A football scout's terse report upon an opposing guard: "Uses mobility well to avoid hard-running fullbacks."

AFTER a bruising football game, Georgia Tech's team physician ordered three injured players to go immediately to their hotel room and soak their swelling feet and ankles in ice water. Later when the doctor looked in on them, he found the trainer, Dick Jones, with his feet in the ice water too, a picture of discomfort.

"What's the idea?" the doctor asked.

"They wouldn't do it unless I did it," Jones moaned.

VISITING golf player to caddie just before starting a round: "Boy, what is the average score on this course?"

Caddie: "Well, sir, most of them do it in as few as they can, but they generally takes some more."

THE CURRENT era of two-platoon football has produced strictly defensive signal-callers who are the leaders of their units. Their duty is to decide upon the defensive alignment best suited to stop the opposing team's next play.

On this certain afternoon, the defensive unit was being pushed back in the last five minutes of play as the opposing machine moved down the field six, ten and twelve yards on every play. The signal-caller changed from a 6-man line to a 7-man line. Then to a 5-3-2-1. Nothing would work. He kept looking at the bench to see if the coach wasn't going to send in a message to tell them what to do.

Finally, as they were pushed back to their 4-yard line, a substitute came streaking from the bench. At last, it seemed, Coach had come to the rescue.

The players gathered eagerly around the substitute. "Did Coach send any message?" the signal caller asked.

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"What did he say do?"

"He said, 'Hold 'em.' "



AT THE dinner table one autumn evening, the father noticed that his teen-age son seemed to be unusually happy.

"Did you get to play in the football game today?" he asked.

"No, sir," the boy replied, "but I got to warm up twice in front of the bench."



WHENEVER the late Dan McGugin, long-time Vanderbilt University football coach, thought that his touchdown-scoring backfield men might be getting headline-conscious or perhaps temperamental, he would call the varsity team—the eleven starters—together and ask them to vote on the question, "Which is the more valuable to the team, the line or the backfield?" Always the line won by a 7-4 vote.

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